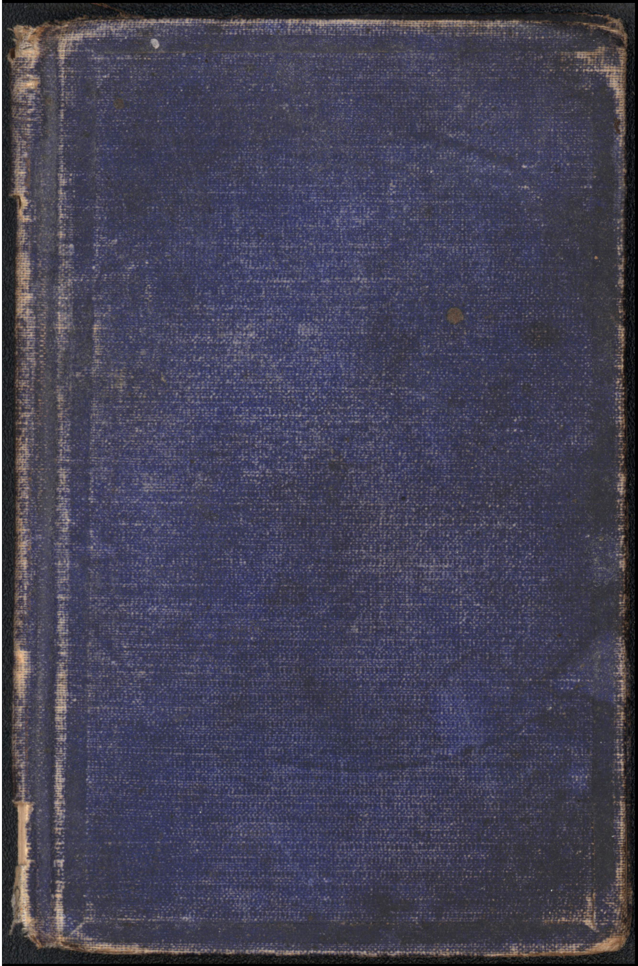

THE MAGIC LANTERN

Published in 1860
by Graves & Ellis
20 Cornhill, Boston

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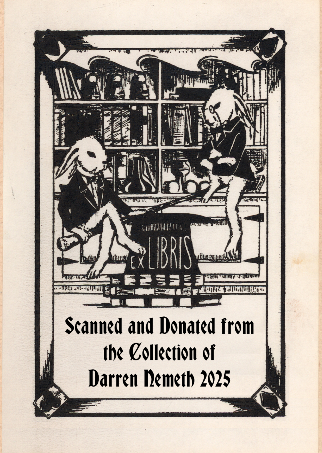

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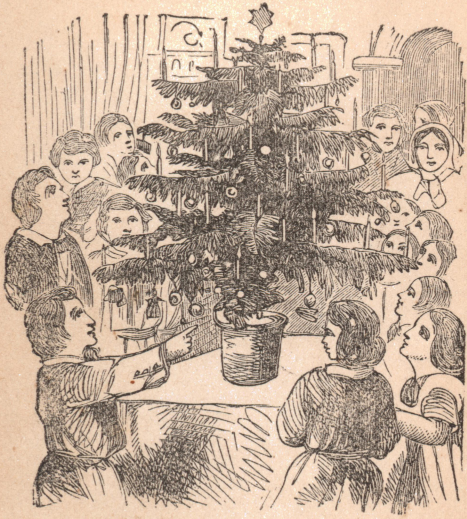


THE

Magic Lantern.

BOSTON:
GRAVES & ELLIS,
20 CORNHILL.

THE MAGIC LANTERN.

WHEN they had lived some time in the new house, Addie's mamma found there were several nice little children in the neighborhood, and so she sometimes invited them to come to see Addie, and play with her. All the children loved to come to see her, she was so obliging and kind. She never seemed to want anything to be done to please her. She was always thinking what the others liked, and trying to please *them*.

There were two very good little girls, whose names were Martha and Lucy Bell, who often came. Addie liked them very much; they were rather older than she was. They used to play at "ladies"; and one would be the mamma, and one the nurse, and the doll was the baby. Then sometimes they made feasts for the dolls. Addie had a great many little dolls, and they set them up to table, and put the dishes on the table, and made believe that the dolls were ladies and

gentlemen. Sometimes mamma would let them have the donkey, and ride in turns about the meadow; and sometimes they played "hide-and-seek" in the garden.

Then there were George and Emily White, and little Charlie, who was not much bigger than Freddie. They came one fine day, and what famous games they had! They played in the garden; and after that Betty, the cook, showed them all the poultry, and she gave them barley to throw to the chickens; and old Andrew showed them the pigs; and they saw the cow milked, and tasted the nice warm new milk.

Another time, when it was winter, and quite cold weather at Christmas time, they all came to see Addie; and several other little boys and girls came besides them. Then they could not run in the garden, for it was all covered with snow; and the sun was gone soon after four o'clock. So they played in the play-room.

There was a beautiful fire there, and all the toys set out; they were lighted up with little candles, in little dolls' candlesticks. They

looked so pretty you cannot think. After they had played there some time, they went into the large parlor to tea. There was such a long table, set out with tea, and cakes, and buns, and bread and butter; chairs were placed all round, and when the children had seated themselves, mamma made tea for them. After tea they went into another room; and what do you think was prepared to amuse them?

A beautiful "magic lantern." The room was so dark, that one or two of the little ones were almost frightened; they had never seen a "magic lantern," and did not know what it was. Presently there was a large bright circle on the side of the room; and while they were wondering at it, a beautiful ship came sailing on it. The children clapped their hands with delight. The noble ship kept sailing on; the sun seemed to shine so bright, and the sea looked so blue and calm. Suddenly there came a black cloud all over the sky; the waves began to roll high, and the poor ship was so tossed, they thought it would be broken to pieces.

"O, the ship will be drowned!" cried one of the little boys; but while they were looking, the black cloud went away, the sea grew smooth, and the ship went on again gently and pleasantly.

When they had seen it as long as they liked, it vanished, and the bright circle was all white again. Then there appeared a noble elephant, with a tower on his back full of soldiers; after him came another, with a grand seat, covered with a canopy of crimson and gold: in this beautiful seat sat a king and queen, dressed in magnificent robes, with crowns on their heads, and beautiful pearls and diamonds, and other precious stones, glittering all over them. Behind them walked a great many servants; they were almost black, and were dressed in white muslin robes, with turbans; they had no shoes, but you saw their black feet on the ground. The children liked this picture very much indeed; while they were looking at it, the elephants both knelt down, and the soldiers got out of the tower, and the king and queen out of their throne, and walked away. And then it all vanished.

"Where do they go to?" asked one little girl.

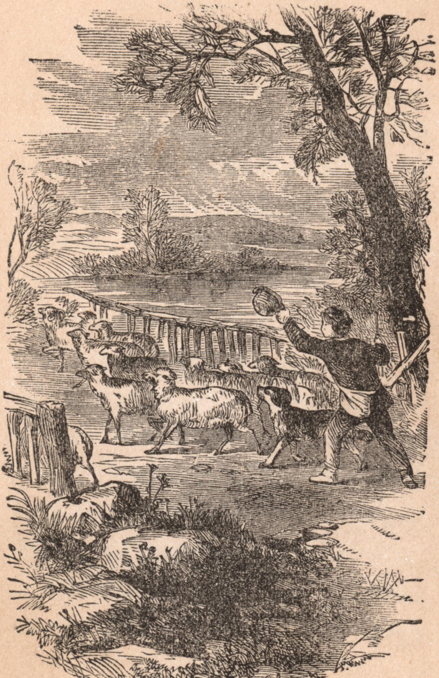
"They are only shadows," answered one of the bigger ones; but she could not understand it. The next picture was a very pretty one; it was moonlight, there was a beautiful green field, and some pretty sheep and lambs were sleeping in it; the shepherd and his dogs were also asleep at one corner of the field.

While they were admiring the sheep, there was a howling heard, and two fierce wolves came rushing into the field: they seized each a lamb, and were just running away with it, when the shepherd and his dogs awoke; and jumping up, drove the wolves away, and rescued the lambs, and then they saw them all lying quietly asleep, as they did at first.

"I thought," said one little boy, "the cruel wolves would have carried the lambs quite away."

"Pray do not let them come any more," said several of the little ones, "to hurt those dear little lambs."

The next picture was a funny one; it was Punch and Judy dan-



cing. They all laughed very heartily at it. Punch's nose was so long, he said, "he was afraid it would throw him down;" so he held it up with his hand while he danced. Judy made such very droll courtesies, and Punch the oddest bows; they were dressed very smart, and Punch had a wig, which he took off when he bowed, as gentlemen take off their hats. When Punch had amused the company long enough, he, and his little dog Toby, and Judy all vanished.

Then there came some beautiful birds; amongst them a very large peacock; first he had his tail hanging down, but presently he spread it out wide. He looked as if he was very proud. The children were delighted with his beauty, and clapped their hands at him. Then he put down his tail, and walked off. After the birds came some beasts: there was a tiger, and a great lion, and a lioness, and some pretty spotted leopards. They were all lying down; and at the feet of the lion lay a beautiful little white lamb. They all looked as if they were very good friends.

"Will they not eat up that dear

little lamb?" said one of the little girls.

Just then the lion opened his great mouth, and showed his large teeth; he looked so terrible, that two or three of the least of the children screamed out. The elder ones laughed.

"O, he will eat the lamb! he will eat the lamb!" the little ones cried.

But he did not; he shut his great mouth again without doing any harm, and they all looked so happy. After these animals were gone, came some dancing dogs and monkeys. They were very droll, and the children laughed heartily.

After the " Magic Lantern," they went back into the play-room and played the game of blind-man's-buff. George White played the blind man; he did all he could to make Addie's party a merry one; so they all did. Charlie dropped on the floor just in time, or he might have been caught. George thought he was on the point of catching some one, stretched out his arms, and caught a fan held out by Emily. Addie liked to be caught. When she had the blind

on, he or she, that she may like to catch, is sure to be caught. At last this was thought so strange, that it was said that the blind could not be quite close. When Addie was told what was thought, she did not say " no ; " she said, " I like to play in that way best; I make a peep-hole."

" O, Addie," said Emily, " you ought not to do that! it's not fair."

" Not fair! I did not mean it not to be fair, and so I will do so no more."

Addie kept her word, for the next time she had the blind on, so far from a catch at the friend she might want to catch, she caught no one. At last, when she came to a chair, she sat down.

"Please do take this blind off," she said.

Emily took it off — then there was a laugh — poor Addie, she did not like that laugh. Then they played other pretty games, till at last it was almost time to go home. Then they had some biscuits and jellies, and such nice things as were proper for them.

Presently the servants brought their warm things, and they were

dressed; and then came an omnibus to take them all home. It was the omnibus which used to take people to the railway; and papa had ordered it to come, that the children might go home comfortably. They bade Addie good by, and all got in; the omnibus was quite full; they looked so pretty, all their merry faces, with the bright lamp shining upon them.

They had a nice ride home, over the frozen snow. And when they were gone, Addie said, "What a happy evening we have had!"

Then she thanked her kind papa

and mamma for taking so much pains to amuse her and her little friends; and, bidding them "good night," went to bed, where she dreamt of the "Magic Lantern."

The next day Addie read a story from her new book to her mother, called —

MATTIE'S FLOWER.

"Granny, wouldn't you like to have a garden in a flower-pot? We may, if you like. Somebody's given some money, teacher says, and we're all to choose. And there's to be prizes for flowers —

and I chose one to grow all over the window; and O, Granny, it will be so beautiful, just like living in a tree! Do say, 'Yes.'"

Granny generally said "Yes" to impulsive Mattie, so she assented now, though rather dubious as to the advantages of beginning in her old age to live in a tree.

Mattie disappeared, returning in a little while with her treasure — nothing very formidable as yet, except the long name, "Convolvulus Major," written on a stick stuck up in the earth. Mattie enjoyed repeating the words: they seemed to give dignity to her little pot of mould — mould, and nothing else, apparently. Granny began making a complicated arrangement of strings to secure the flower-pot on the window-sill.

"Does it want all them?" asked Mattie.

"Why, child, I've heard tell of a flower-pot as fell out of a two-pair winder, and it broke a gentleman's 'ead right in two; and he had 'em up, and they had to pay a hundred pounds — them as owned the pot."

"But how could he, if his head

was broke in two? — and we haven't got any money, have we, Granny?"

Mattie's two-edged logic was rather puzzling, so Granny could only repeat that she had "heard tell of it."

"I wish I could go to sleep for a fortnight," said Mattie.

"Bless the child! What next?"

"Why, the seeds won't even show before then, and I don't think I ever can wait."

"Yes, you can, child, if you must."

Mattie waited, growing a fine

crop of patience and hope and faith meanwhile, but all unconsciously; she thought she never could have waited another day, when at last she found something appearing above the mould.

"Such a dear little green thing, Granny, with a funny brown night cap on; what's that, I wonder?"

By dint of looking, Mattie found out that the little brown night cap was the seed, which had served as a helmet to the young plant, pushing its way up through the earth. It fell off next day, and the green shoot opened into two round leaves.

"O, do come and look!" said Mattie; "they're cut all round so smooth, with a dent in the middle, just as if it was done with the scissors, only better. Isn't it beautiful to see anything grow?"

"Ay, that it is," said Granny, looking at Mattie's straight lithe little figure, and thinking of the wailing orphan baby she had been eight years before.

The little plant grew uneventfully, till Mattie discovered, one day, that the mould was sinking.

"Where can it have gone to, Granny? My greedy convolvulus can't eat it, like I do bread and butter?"

"Maybe it does, child. I think, though, it's the watering."

"But it must be watered."

"Yes, surely; you had better ask about it at school."

So the difficulty was taken there. Mattie's teacher looked at the little girl's pale cheeks, and suggested that she should go and get a small bag of mould from the fields.

"The fields?" said Mattie, in much the same tone as she would have said "heaven."

"Yes; you can go in the omnibus. I will come and talk to Granny about it."

"Talking" meant giving the money for the two to ride—very little, but so much to them; for Mattie had never seen a real field in all her life.

"O, Granny, will you go to-morrow?"

"How shall I earn our dinner?"

Mattie was puzzled.

"It's all right, child. Your teacher's given me enough for that."

"O, isn't she good? May we go to-morrow?"

"The day after we will; I can't get ready before."

Getting ready meant washing and mending everything, in Mattie's clothes and her grandmother's, that would wash and mend; then the room had to have a grand cleaning, so as "to look beautiful" when they came back. It was well that a night's sound sleep came after this, and refreshed them for the great day's pleasure. Next morning they found an omnibus waiting at the stand, to Mattie's joy. She said, "The fields, please," in answer to the conductor's question, "Where to?" And he, who had a little Mattie at home, only laughed pleasantly to the driver, and when they came to the end of the ride, took pains to show the old lady the way.

Soon they saw the fields, and Mattie began running, and could not stop; she ran back half the time, to keep near her grandmother, but it seemed that run she must, till she was fairly in the middle of a field, with other fields around her; then the exquisite still beauty of the place overpowered the little Londoner, and, drawing a long breath of pleasure, she stood with folded hands, as though she were in church. In a minute or two, a lark's song broke the soft sweet hush, and then, in a wood close by, a cuckoo began his calm soliloquy.

"O, Granny, I do love you so!" said Mattie, with a vehement kiss. She could not have told how she came to make this funny speech, as she would have called it in St. Giles's; her little soul was being played upon by nature's sweet influences, till, harp-like, it gave forth music unconsciously.

"I feel as if I was young again," said Granny. She looked like it, with half the tired wrinkles smoothed out of her face, and a soft moist light in her kind eyes. Soon Mattie began flower-picking — daisies and buttercups to begin with; then she found crimson sorrel, and little white wind-flowers, and, grandest of all, real wild hyacinths.

"O, Granny, look, and just smell — the scent is just like them!"

"Yes, lovey; but hadn't you better get the mould now?"

Mattie scrambled into a dry ditch, where she could dig "without hurting the beautiful flowers;" and then they sat down to dinner. Granny had brought everything, it seemed to Mattie, that they could possibly want, and surely, they had never had such a dinner.

"It's almost a pity you can't have tea, Granny."

"What, directly after dinner, child?"

"No; but I mean so that we needn't go home till it is quite late."

"Well, we won't: we're going

to have tea over there by the pond; that's the place, I know, that your teacher told me of."

"O, how nice!" and Mattie lay down, and looked at the green, green grass, and the dancing water in the distance, and then up at the sky.

"Granny, is the sky always blue like that, in the country?"

"I don't know; there's clouds sometimes, of course, but they're cleaner than ours."

"Like those beautiful white ones?" said Mattie.

By and by they set out to walk

to "the pond." The walk took them an hour or two, it was so full of diversions; and then they had tea. The woman at the cottage had a little baby boy, who quite appreciated the bright-eyed little girl who had come so suddenly into his life; so he laughed and crowed, and poked his curly head into Mattie's neck, and stroked her hair and her cheeks, and tried to say "Pretty," and failed, in such a bewitching manner, that she covered him with kisses, and lingered with him till Granny said that they must make haste, as it was

getting dark; and, by the time they had reached home, it really was dark in St. Giles's.

The next day Mattie gathered into a bunch the choicest of her flowers, saying, "I'll take these up to Willie."

Willie was a fellow-lodger, who had been a constant playfellow, till one sad day, when a runaway horse knocked him down; only his knee was hurt, but it had not healed — never would heal; and between the pain and the confinement, little Willie was wearing away. But Mattie did not know this. She ran lightly up stairs, and when she entered the room, Willie's blue eyes brightened as they did brighten for no one but Mattie; but when with a merry "Look, Willie!" she brought out the flowers from behind her, he fairly screamed with joy. Grasping them with careful eagerness, he breathed light kisses on the brilliant sweet things, till, "for fear they should die," he gave them up to be put in water; then he held Mattie's hand instead, and gave the kisses to it. He was a knightly little fellow, this St. Giles's boy, and had kissed Mattie's hands

more often than her face. "I should like to see a flower growing," said he.

"So you shall, Willie darling. Granny means to ask you to tea, the very first blossom my convolvulus has."

"O, I hope father can carry me down!"

"Yes, I am sure he can — don't you remember he said the other day that you got lighter and lighter?" And then, in spite of her happy ignorance, Mattie wished that she had not said that, and hurried into an account of yesterday's trip; she told it well, and when they parted, Willie said it would do to dream about.

The days went on, but the convolvulus had no blossoms; buds had come and withered, and Mattie feared that the cruel smoke would not let her have a flower: the show was to be next week, and there would be no chance for a prize. One happy morning, however, she found a real blossom, just a day before the show. "Nothing could have been better," Granny said; and it really seemed as though the little plant had reserved

all its strength to do its young mistress honor; for this was a magnificent bloom, large, and colored a deep crimson, with purple streaks, and a pure white centre. How Mattie loved it, and gloried in it, and with what tender triumph the flower-pot was carried up to show Willie, who, alas! was too ill to keep his engagement to come down to tea. He looked earnestly at the bright bloom, and said, "It's like you, Mattie;" but then he turned away, so she went down again, fearing that even the faint perfume of the flower was too much for him. But when she went to say good night, he said, "Mattie, *don't* let the flower go to the show — *don't!*"

"What do you mean, Willie darling?"

"It will never be the same flower again — it will be hot and dusty there, and there will be a crowd of people, and they will tell you you are pretty. O, Mattie, don't!"

It was difficult for Mattie to follow Willie's thoughts, as he mingled her and the flower together; so she waited silently, while he

covered his face with his hands. Suddenly, he let them fall, and, looking up at her with touching humility, said, —

"O, Mattie, I'm wicked! It's for myself I want it — to have it for my very own — may I, Mattie — Mattie?"

She hesitated. Besides being its own precious self, this flower represented to its little owner fame and honor, and riches and pleasure; all these she would gain in the prize — and the bloom was so lovely, it was sure of one. But then Willie wanted it — unselfish

Willie — who must be very ill to ask such a strange, hard thing! Mattie's quick thought went back to the beginning of their friendship, when he had rescued her from some rude girls who called her "Shiny-eyes," and she had promised always to do what he wanted; and this was the first thing he had ever asked for — and she had been such a little girl then!

So swiftly the thought had run on, that while the thin, burning hands still held hers, and the pleading, tender, pathetic tones still

repeated, "Mattie — Mattie!" she decided. Running quickly down stairs, she plucked the flower — rudely, cruelly, it seemed to herself; in reality most gently. She laid it in one of its own green leaves, and returned to Willie. His eager fingers closed round the stalk. "O, Mattie! how I love you, Mat-tie!" He raised his face to kiss her, but fell back suddenly. With the flower in his hand, and the smile on his lips, little Willie had died.

"O, Granny," sobbed Mattie that

night, "if I had not given it to him, whatever should I have done? I am so glad — so glad!"

The day dawned to which the little flower-grower had looked forward so long, as that of her floral triumph; but the blossom lay safe in the dead child's hand; and, through all her tears, Mattie could say, "I am so glad — so glad!"

* * *

JOHNNY.

"All right, old pussy-cat; I wouldn't hurt you."

"No, you're such a softy."

"Father, is it manly to kick cats and things?"

"No, my boy. Take a bull by the horns if you want to fight; that is to say, don't, by any means."

The father laughed at his own contradictory advice; but Johnny understood him, and looked up brightly.

"Fancy nursing a cat," said Archie.

"She don't want us to do that, only let her alone," was Johnny's reply.

"Cissy does, though."

"O, she's so little; and besides, girls are different — a good thing, too; it wouldn't be nice if the world was all boys."

"You could act the girls' parts then, like boys used to do in the old plays."

"You had better not dispute about your manliness, boys, till you have some chance of proving it," said their father, closing the little altercation.

The chance was nearer than appeared. That night a tired careless servant, reading in bed, fell asleep, leaving her candle burning by the bedside; an unconscious movement of the bedclothes upset the candlestick; the lighted candle fell on the bed, which began slowly to ignite, and the fire smouldered till the girl was stupefied with the smoke. At last the flames burst out; when Archie and Johnny, who slept in the floor below, were awakened by the servant's screams, and their father calling to them.

"Archie," said Johnny, "let's

get up; I wonder what's the matter?"

"Father's beating Hannah for putting too much jam in our pudding," said Archie, who generally awoke a bit at a time.

"O, Archie, do wake up."

The boys dressed themselves between laughing and crying, and then their father rushed into the room, and, taking one big heavy boy under each arm, ran down with them into the garden.

The house stood alone, and there was no chance of help coming in time to save it, so its inmates and

furniture were gathered together on the lawn; when, suddenly, a cry was raised, "Where's Cissy?"

Every one had supposed that the pet of the house had been secured by some one else, and the child had been left behind, up the fast-burning staircase.

The mother fainted; but, unobserved, at the first cry, Johnny had stolen away, and his father met him with his little sister, not even awake, safe in his arms. He said, simply, "The stairs bore me, father, because I wasn't heavy, you know;" and then resigned his treasure as quietly as though he had been on an ordinary errand. "My brave boy!" was all the father could say, in the exquisite joy of relief; but Johnny said, "I don't think I was brave — I forgot everything but Cissy;" and his calm innocent face, lit by the strange glow of the fire, looked, to the happy father, like that of the child St. John in the church window.

In a few weeks the fright and danger were forgotten by the children, in their delight at their new house, which stood near a sand-pit,

a never-failing play-ground for the boys, and for the sand-martins, who were busy nest-building. Archie was a great birds'-nester, but Johnny, though he admitted that there was some fun in it, held that there was not pleasure enough to make up for the birds' suffering; so he generally devoted himself to making embankments and bridges, for the benefit of Cissy, who, despite all nursery laws, toddled after her favorite brother wherever he went. Archie, who had been used to nests hidden in leafy trees and hedges, thought it would be almost too easy to get at the sand-martins, when he saw their holes standing bare and unsheltered, on the face of the bank; but they were never less than six feet from the ground, and climbing up a sand wall is not so easy as it looks.

Besides, the holes were only the mouths of little tunnels, at the farther end of which would be a nest, or no nest — more often the latter; whether because the empty tunnel was of last year, or because Archie went too soon, he could not tell. Sometimes he declared that the martins made empty tunnels

on purpose to trick him. In rather unreasonable anger at this, he, one morning, drew out a little fledgling, the sole occupant of the nest, and impatiently dropped it down to Cissy.

"O, Archie! the poor little thing! Put it back," she said; while Johnny added, "Martins won't sing, you know, Archie, nor tame; it will only pine and die."

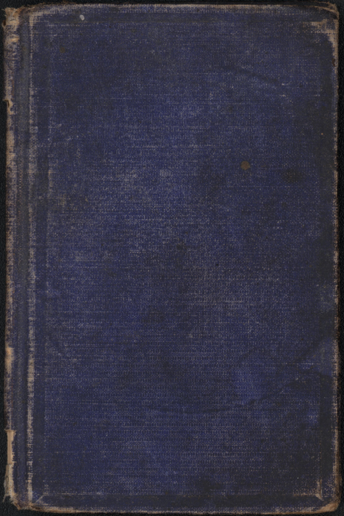
But the nest-hole had been high, and in reaching it, Archie had grazed his hands and knees; and, though he would never have acknowledged such a thing, the smarting made him cross. So he stood sullenly, while Johnny said, "I would put it back, if I was bigger," and Cissy fairly stamped with the passion of her pain, as the little shivering nestling fluttered about on the sand. "O, Johnny, it will die, the little thing!"

Johnny could endure it no longer; so, putting birdie carefully in the lining of his cap, he pulled that over his forehead, and began to climb. The ascent had been difficult for Archie, with his two years' eldership; but Johnny, after much slipping and scrambling,

managed to reach the hole, and put the bird back into its home, where it nestled down, none the worse, apparently, for its fright. "Won't it have a tale to tell its mother, when she comes home?" he said, cheerily, to Cissy. But, in looking down, Johnny lost his balance — his cap fell off — the noon sun striking on his head made it more giddy — he fell down, on to where the sand, undisturbed for ages, had hardened almost into rock, and lay there stunned.

Archie took him up, feeling like a Cain who had not meant to kill his brother, and carried him home; but, at the sound of his mother's voice, Johnny opened his eyes, and said, "It's all right; I was only stupid a bit." And, to every one's joy, it proved to be so.

The mother was surprised to hear that Johnny had been birds'-nesting, but Archie "could not stand that," so he explained the matter, adding that he meant to let the martins alone for the future; and his mother wisely accepted the unspoken penitence, seeing that, as Archie said, he "never could say what he wanted to."



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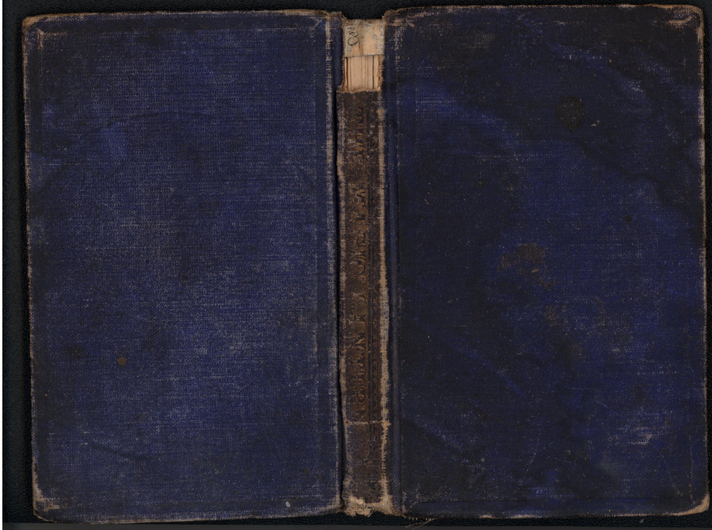

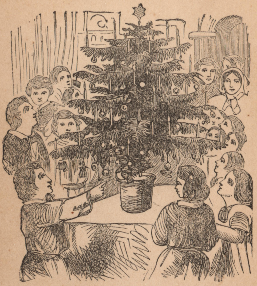

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